# WOMAN'S PART IN LIFE.

Seen in the Great Drama from Various Points of View.

# COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

Acts, Scenes, and Episodes on the World's Broad Stage.

THE GREATEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD. Why to She Not the Downger Empress of

From the Spect The Empress-Regent Taze Chi, who in February of this year laid down the sovereignty of China, was probably one of the most remarkable women who ever lived, far greater than the Empress Catherine IL, and better worthy of study than any Queen who has reigned in the last two centuries in the West; yet Europe has known nothing of her, has never studied her character in the slightest, and, except on the occurrence of some great ceremonial, has scarcely noticed her existence.

Yet she has governed a fourth of the human race successfully for twenty-eight years, and has overcome difficulties, political, financial, and social, which might have overtaxed statesmen like Cayour, Bismarck, or Pope Leo XIII. The position of an Emperor of China is not

one which even a modern Czar need envy. Not only is he the ultimate referee on all subjects connected with government from 300,000,000 of people singularly liable to colossal disasters from famine, flood, earthquake, and epidemics, and liable also, for all their submissiveness, to the maddest bursts of insurrectionary fury; not only has he to satisfy these millions as if be were in some sense a divine being, and to control them without a standing army; not only has he to resist a permanent menace of invasion from the north and intermittent threats of invasion by the coast; not only has he to control a huge civil service, the most corrupt in the world. and the one in which the great men are the most powerful, but he has to remember that he is Mantcheou Emperor, and to maintain the ascendancy of his house and clan against millions upon millions of subjects who, deep as is their reverence for his office, have never for-

ascendancy of his house and clan against millions upon millions of subjects who, deep as is their reverence for his office, have never forgotten that the dynasty is a dynasty of intruders. "Out with the Tartar!" is the cry for which every Emperor of China listens; and there are men in the empire with whom he must deal cautiously, because they attract Chinese as onessed to Tartar loyalty.

To hold such a position might strain the abilities of the ablost, and the Empress Tese Chi has so held it that the throne was never so powerful; that over tinsurrection has disappeared; that the national patriotism is distinctly higher than ever; that a Treasury, which was a morses of debt and fraud, taises money at 6 per cent, and pays the interest like a European State; that the militis has developed into a dangerous though slow-moving army; that the power of the Mussulman sectaries, five millions of them, has been pulvarised; that the Mussulman kingdom of Kashgar has been made a Chinese province, filled with Chinese peasants; that Kussia has been driven back from Kuldia, and France arrested in Tonguin, and that Chinese ambassadors are treated throughout Europe as the representatives of one of the great powers of the world, a power not to be neglected, much less affronted, without the gravest reason. Ohina is more solid and contented at home, and immeasurably more powerful abroad, than when the Empress, a lady, probably with cripped feet, who has never since girlhood been outside the park wall of the palace in Pekin took up the lade sceptre, which she has wielded through a generation with so firm and skilled a hand! And yet Europe has known nothing of her, not even her name.

The usual explanation, so natural to the British mind, will, of course, be given, that Europe knows nothing of the abdicated Empress because there was nothing to know; that, surrounded as she was with almost religious respect, she was but the imperial standard round which a group of strong men disposed themselves, governing in her name through generatio

whom alone, in extreme cases, the people and the soldiers confide. But for the soverelgn and the irresistible power which, when roused, he can exert, the statesmen would quarrel for ascendancy, every department would be at war with every other, and every quarrel in the Cabinet would involve general confusion.

So far was this Empress Taxe Chi from being a mere standard beaver, that, as the well-informed contributor to the Times told us on Monday, she in 1865 struck down her strongest Visior. Prince Kung, at the very height of his power, by a mere decree in the Gazette, and avowed in the order itself that her reason was that he "oversated his importance." The Empress Tsze Chi must have chosen the strong men of whom Europe has intermittent glimpses, must have held then together, must have accepted great lines of policy, and must have accepted great lines of policy, and must have accepted great lines of policy, and must have enforced adherence to them by steady attention and inflexible will.

It may be said that no lady bred in secluded inxury and shut out from the world by a rampart of etiquettes could possibly have had the nacessary knowledge to govern as well as reign, but that is an illusion. The present Fultan is a nervous invalid, bied in the harem, without original knowledge of any one thing it concerns a sovereign to know, with nothing in himself to help him except a fair intelligence and an apprehensive temperament; and it is the universal testimony that he alone rules throughout his dominions, that no Amurrath or Selim or Mahmoud ever exercised a more lonely and perfect despotism than the weak little man whose heart flutters under an unexpected salue. Sex has never made much difference to soversima, and the greatest mandarin in China would probably face the Emperer Kwangayu, who now reigns, far more readily than the secluded lady whose firmness had been so often tried and had never given way. We find no difficulty in the little was a possed in the Emperes Tsxe Chi and only find it wenderful that after a

## THE PAUPER PRINCESS GHYKA.

Wonderful Little Gray Dog. An idd woman with a remarkably varied history died in an almshouse near Gratz, Austria, a few days ago. Some sixty years since she was a little peasant girl in Woorgel, At the age of 18 she was sent to Vienna by her prother, a rich brewer, to be educated She was then a young woman of phenomenal beauty. Young as she was, she soon had the reputation of being the handsomest girl in Vienna, a city in which few women are plain. After graduation she became governess in a titled family in Bucharest. There Prince ambassadors at Ferlin and London, fell in love with her. He tried to meet her clandostinely, to give her magnificent presents, and eventually to induce her to clope with him.

The beautiful young governess was as clever as she was beautiful, however. She knew a thing or two about princes and their icve. She would have none e! his attentions. One evenwould have none of his attentions. One evening he came to her with the story that his parents had consented to a secret marriage between him and her, and that a priest waited to perform the ceremony in a small villuars in the suburbs. They were married that evening as the Prince had blanued, and went to Vienna to pass their honeymoon. All went well enough for two weeks. At the end of that time the Prince got very drunk, and told the beautiful young woman, who considered herealitied young woman, who considered herealitied to be Princess Ghyka, that she was not his lawful wife, that the priest who married her to him was no priest at all, but his best friend, and that he was about to desert her for a Vienness southertte. The Prince left vienna with his new love the next morning, after giving the woman he had deceived papers which entitled her to a small pension while he lived. She began shifting for herself without delay. She made the acquaintance of a Count and a rich banker. She had a box at the opera, a coach and four thoroughbreds, the most elaborate costumes, and the most expensive lewelry. After the first count and the first banker came other Counts and other bankers. For fifteen years she lived in that reckless dissipation for which the Austrian capital is famous.

In the early part of the sixtee, however, all the began to change. She had bed luck, She sold

all her diamonds and fine gowns, and her carriage and thoroughbreds. She tried hard to live on the small income the Frince had left her, she could not do it. The first day she drew her pension she lived as of old, enting, drinking, and seeing, everything that cost most. The next day she was begging money of her friends for her morning coffee. She was rescuted from these straits by a small gray dog called Minos Minos was a clever dog when she first got him Under her instruction he became a marvel of canine eleverness. He could add, multiply, and subtract, recognize a picture, and understand a good bit of simple conversation. His poor mistress beggn to exhibit him as soon as she had finished his education. In Paris he made a great stir at court, and all the newspapers made him the subject of special illustrated articles. He made money for his mistress as fast as she could spend it. He performed before the English, Prussian, and small German courts.

In the midst of this temporary prosperity of his victim, the Prince Gipka died. He summoned the woman he had deceived and wronged to his deathbed and, three hours before his death, was married to her. She got nothing more than the title out of the ceremony, however. She received nome of the Prince's property. Even the small income he gave her when he abandoned her in Visnna ceased with his life. Minos, however, provided for her all she needed in her growing years.

In 1878 Minos died. The Princess was again penniless. She wandered from eity to city, living upon the charity of old acquaintances. She eventually brought up in Gratz, where she occupied two miserable little rooms. Half of the time she did not have enough to seear, and the rarely enough to eat. One day last November she sank exhausted on the pavement in the main street of Gratz. Leck of nourishment had deprived her of her strength. She was carried to the Gratz Hospital and thence to the poorhouse, where she died. In her portfolio, examined by the poorhouse nuthorities alterings of the rescue by Minos, of hi of her last mortal struggle with poverty.

## Two Minneapolis Girls in Bicycle Uniforms Not Unlike Their Brothers'.

Two Minacapolis Girls in Ricycle Uniforms

Not Unlike Their Brothers'.

Prom the R. Paul Slobe.

There is a great deal of smilling now among members of the Minnancolis Bicycle Club when any one says "Jessie," and the number of times that it is said in a meaning tone is something mysterious to the uninitiated. After a good bit of coaxing one of the young men was induced to tell a part of the story connected with the peculiar looks and expressive smiles of himself and companions.

His yarn was about as follows: "Thursday night five of us fellows started out from the club room at 8 o'clock for a run to Minnehaha. We went down Park avenue, and out beyond Twenteth street we saw a couple of cyclista ahead of us, pushing along at a very easy pace. At that distance their uniform looked like that of the St. Paul Club, and we started to push up to them. As we came a little nearror we saw that they didn't belong to any local club, and started to run up and hail them. When they saw what we would do they let out a little and began to pull away from us. Thinking they wanted to race, we braced a bit, and there was a very pretty brush for the next mile, when we came up to them and as we went past Tom shouted. Well, you fellows gave us a nice run. anyway. What club do you belong to? Both the riders tuned their faces away, and neither answered. They clackened their pace and fell half a block behind us. Soon after that It commenced to rain, and we all turned back toward town, and our party, as well as the two silent riders in front, were spinning along at a very good pace when we crossed the tracks, which are a little bad on account of not being well-planked, one of them struck a stone, and came within an inch of falling, when we were asteunded to hear a distinct feminine shriek, and then an equally girlish voice called out. Oh. Jessie, I'm falling, A sterr hush 'from the other rider, and then the wobbling wheel, having straightened up, the two sped away at a swift gait, and the boys who had caught on considerately allowed them t From the St. Paul Globe.

How a Boston Woman Saved Her Hus-

A couple pretty well-known in sporting circles in Bosion are said to have gone to a bull match not long since, and there to have met another couple of choice spirits, a man and his wife who were almost as much given to sporting life as themselves. In the course of the alternoon the orditement waxed apace, and the gentlemen bet with a good deal of vigor. The ladies, nothing loath, followed their example, and hy the time the game was concluded a considerable amount of money had been wagered. Mr. A. had all the afternoon been betting on the Boston nine, and to his great disgust he found himself a loaser, the home team having falled to score a victory. On the way home he complained to his wife of his hard luck, adding that he had lost more money than he knew how well to spare just then.

"Oh, that is all right," his wife responded,
"I won from Mrs. B. just as much as you lost to him and I told har wa'd trade the two From the Providence Journal "Oh, that is all right." his wife responded.
"I won from Mrs. B, just as much as you lost
to him, and I told her we'd trade the two
things off and call it square."
"Why, how did that happen?" her husband
asked in surprise.
"Well." was her reply, "I knew the other
team was sure to win, and I sat where I could
hear you bet. So every time you put up anything I covered it with Mrs. B."
"But." persisted her other half, "what in
the world made you think that the out-of-town
nine would win? You said beforehand that
you should back the Bostons."
"Oh, yes." replied Mrs. A. with
logic, "the moment that I saw what a lovely
straight nose that short stop had I couldn't
bear to have them beaten, and so I bet on
them." them."
Whatever her husband thought of her logic it would have been manifestly ungrateful in him to object to her method of betting when it helped him out of an awkward place.

## ENGLAND'S SURPLUS WIDOWS.

The Surprising Discovery that They Num-

From the San Franctico Call.

The Surprising Discovery that They Number Nearly a Million.

From the San Francisco Call.

It appears from the last statistical returns that there are about 1,000,000 more women than men in England, and that these are nearly all widows. This is a very surprising discovery. It may be explained, however. In England, as in all old settled countries, women predominate numerically over men, partily in consequence of the superior vitality of girl babies over boy babiles; partly because of the large number of young men who go abroad to seek their fortunes, leaving their sisters behind: and partly because of the greater mortality among men, owing to the hazardous nature of the employments they follow. According to the tables more boys are born in England than girls, the figures being 104,511 males to 100,000 girls to every 94,000 boys, and the discrepancy increases regularly for twenty years afterward.

Why, however, should the excess of females consist mainly of widows? In India a widow may not marry. It was probably to avoid the crowding of the market that the suttee was instituted. But in England widows may and do marry. In fact, they are addicted to the practice. How then does it come that the number of widows so largely predominates over that of widows so largely predominates over that of widows are young men who marry old women. A large class of men postpone matrimony until late in life. They enjoy the desolate freedom of the bachelor: they are afraid of marrying on scanty means; they dread the loss of their ireedom; they have never met the right girl. Thus they only resort to matrimony when they find they absolutely need females companionship. Such middle-aged men usually marry women of 25, or, at any rate, women under 30. It is obvious that, all other things being equal, the chances are that a woman of 25 will outlive a man of 45.

The average life of men in easy circumstances is not over 60 years. If the husband dies at 60, the wife, if she is married at 25, will be 40 at the time of his death, and she will ha

the widow. If she wants a partner in life with a heart as fresh as her own, and a capacity for savoring the sweet stillness of young love, she must take a youth whose buttons she will have to see on, whose dinner she will have to oversee, if not to cook, and whose narrow hooms she will have to eke outso as to make both ends meet. In such case she may possibly never wear a whiow's weeds. Which alternative offers the fairost prospect of happiness girls must decide for themselves.

FIFE GOWNS A DAY. A French Woman who Wears Them at the

Paris, June 21.—There is such a pretty French woman staying at our hotel. She goes to be uville to morrow, and I have been an amused spectator of the gradual collection of her trousseau for the bains dener. She intends changing her dross five times a day on the days and two or three times on wet ones, when she cannot go out. Five or six different costumes, and for each costume there are hose, hat, gloves, sunshade, and fan to maich.

Her traveiling dress is in beige-colored vigogne. The skirt is gathered into the bodiec, the collar and cuffs of which are in old silver. This may surprise you, but it is one of fashion's latest freaks. The motal is of the inhinest, and is laid over the velvet or cloth of the collar and cuff of the collar and cuff of the buttons match the old silver. The traveiling cloak is made of the same material as the dress, and has some handsome passementerio upon it. It fastens with a long silk cord.

Her gowns for one day are as follows: Mattnes of embroidered batisto, lined with silk and triumed with a profusion of lace and ribbon. Very short skirt in accordion pleats from the waist. This is to be changed for the early promenade for a foulard with plain pleated skirt. The bodice is made with a Fixaro vest over a batiete chemisette. With this goes a Lambaile straw hat, matching the color of the dress, and trimmed with bows of shaded velvet. Next comes a mid-day tollet in surah. The bodice is made with a siver collar and cuffs. Over this is passed the straight, round skirt, and the junction of the two is hidden by a band of black velvet or a belt to match the collar and cuffs. Over the large the form of the dress, and trimmed with bows of shaded velvet. Next comes a mid-day tollet in surah. The bodice is made with a fear of the insurance, mounted upon a silk lining and flounced round the edge of the latter and cuffs. From 2 o'clock to 5 is to be worn a more elaborate dress of white muslin embroidered over its entire surface, mounted upon a silk lining and flounced round the edge of the latte

## THE GIRL WHO FAINTS.

Sometimes It's Real, and Then Again Some times It's a Sham, From the Chicago News.

times It's a Sham.

Prom the Chicago News.

"I don't think women faint as easily as they would have us men believe," remarked a horny-handed young man who is employed in a Benver factory to a Dany News reporter.

"There are a number of girls in the shop," he continued. "who work where the heat is often oppressive, and every now and then a girl succumbs to the heat and faints dean away. The head of the lirm is a kind-hearted man, and he had given instructions to the foroman in events of this kind to order a carriage and send the girl home. A girl who can faint fluently is an object of envy and admiration among the other girls, and she is sometimes regarded with realous suspicion. too.

"Not long axeo a serious needdent happened to one of the girls while at work, and then followed one of the most harrowing fainting recitals I ever witnessed. The girls fell in all directions: some went into hysteries, and others had fine and tried to bite the gallant workmen who endeavored to revive them. As fast as they fell they were carried out of the fainting department and a doctor, who had been sent for at the time of the accident, applied restoratives. Then, when they were able to travel, they were sent home in carriages, barouches, and coupés, each girl in charge of a trusty male employee. A fat blonde, who was the first to lapse into utter unconsciousness, was being carried out by a little sparrow-legged Norwegian, who had classed her about the waist from behind. As he stangered along under his burden the obliging girl held her feet clear of the floor to make the trie easier for him. But she went hone in a carriage just the same. Well, the excitement had about and carried her out to another room, where an attempt was made to rovice ber.

"The doctor was feeling her pulse, another girl was plving a fan, the foreman was pouring water down her back and two men were slapping her feet, when a big policeman came in to make a police report of the accident, He ampronched the group surrounding the unconscious girl, when she accide

solous girl, when she accidentally opened one eye. As she caught a glimpse of the big cop-per she jumped to her feet and shricked: "'I nin't agoin' home in no ambulance!"
"She walked."

### WOMEN'S LETTERS TO MRS. HARRISON. Persistent in their Remarkable Demands Upon the President's Wife,

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Persistent in their Remarkable Demands
Upon the President's Wife.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most exacting, time-consuming, and laborious portion of the daily routine of the chief lady of the White House is her correspondence. One of the principal subjects of correspondence is the request for samples of her inaugural ball costume. They come from feminine sources, of course, and in the appeals for the coveted fragment of the silk-woven homespun textile, the acme of epistolary composition and logic is often reached. In the kinduess of her heart Mrs. Harrison has gratified many of these simple appeals from the fabricators of crazy quiits and ratchwork, but not to the extent of demolishing the historic gown in which she looked so queenly at the great ball in the vast court of the Pension building, but from garments which had seen service in church-going, household display, and social duty in times of Senatorial dignity and in the retirement of home life at Indianapolis. In this fragmentary form the dresses of former days have disappeared, leaving a decided void in the wardrobe of the first lady. The fair sex relic hunters of the republic do not stop at samples of inauguration ball dresses, but intersperse their well-intentioned enistolary requests by asking locks from the bounteous tresses which lie in wavy brown masses threaded with gray upon the head of the first lady. There is a limit to the besshifilities of nature, and not withstanding her wenlth of the treasured article sought, these requestes are respectfully declined or committed to the silk-limed usaper basket, where every one must admit they belong. If even a molety of the appeals for locks of hair for charity or jewelry were gratified, the presiding lady would long since have been driven to such expedients to replace nature's supply known only among the tonsorial mysteries of the wig maker and the hist dresser.

Another fruitful theme of epistolary communication between the streament upon which to base a very high estimate of their learning. A

# AS OTHERS SEE THEM. Now York Women Criticised by a St. Louis Lady.

An opportunity to see currelves as others see us is given by two recent visitors to the metropolis, one a St. Louis budy and the other a Boston woman. This discrimination is made advisedly for Boston priess herself on her women. St. Louis on her ladies. One of the latter unhesitatingly tells me:

"Your men are a deal more interesting and finer looking than your women. They are more alive, more like the wide-awake men of the West. But they are not over polits to ladies except those of their own set, and even then their attentiveness is too obsequious to be wholly sincere. They carry with them everywhere an air of having an axe to grind; even your man of leisure has a looking outfor-number-one expression that his aging of English ways cannot wholly coneal. Still, on the whole, I am not so disappointed in them From the Boston Beruld's New Fork Letter.

in Central Park, the throng on Broadway and lifth avenue, attended fashionable churches, and fairly haunted the theatres last winter in a wild huntafter the much-talked-of New York beauty. I seldem found it. In the galaxy of wealth and fashion at the Opeia House I was always struck by the plainness of the indies.

"Hig features, lustreless eyes, scrawny necks, were the rule. There was no plumpness short of obsetty. I never saw so many homely—hopelessly homely—women as during my stay in this city. Madeup complexions are universal, but the roses and lilies of nature's manufacture are seldom seen. Nature, in fact, has been scanty of her favors, while art does her best. The modiste, the haldresser, the manicure, the dress improver, and that immense fad of the hour, physical culture, unity to make the most of very poor material. And the low beautiful faces I have seen have a total lack of auimation. They look as though their owners had exhausted the world's resources for happiness, and had found them insufficient. New York women of style and position seem to be tired of life. They all wear the same expression as the grand dames when driving in the Park who sit so erect in their carriages and persistently look at nothing."

She Dared to Be Original. From the Battimore Sun Now comes a girl who is plump enough to be wall rounded without a suggestion of corpulence, slender enough to be graceful within unconscious of self-enough to be graceful within out prudery, merry enough to be charming without affectation, and with a touch of original contents. pulence, stender enough to be graceful withal, unconscious of self enough to be modest without prudery, merry enough to be endarming without affectation, and with a touch of originality about her costume that makes her still more interesting. It is not in the headdress, a blue and white handkerchief tastefully arranged, from under which a heavy pinit of golden hair talls below the waist and ends in a cully tangle; nor in the suit, which is like many others, a blue jersey cloth with a scroll pattern in white braid on collar and wrist-bands, belt and skirt, but she has remembered how previty a white braid on collar and wrist-bands, belt and skirt, but she has remembered how previty a white braid on collar and wrist-bands, belt and skirt, but she has remembered how previty a white hand looks in a dark mitt, and applying the knowledge in another direction has cut away part of the foot of the stocking, exposing the daintiest, whitest toes, with pink thatings as beautiful as a baby's. Not one in twenty could have done it; for an unsightly corn or other blemish would have been fatal to the effect, but there is nothing of the kind here.

As hor except joins her he casts a sly glance downward and begins to laugh. Her eyes do not once fall to be rieet; it is not necessary, for she has made an exhaustive study thereof in private. Coloring slightly she laughe up at him and says. 'You said I neither knew how nor would dare to be original. What now?' His answer is not audible, but they pass on smiling. In another minute they brace themselves to meet a breaker, and mademoiselle of the toes disappears to make her bow to the little fishes and her sister sea nymphs.

## Her Glass Eye Didn't Work.

A very cerious cause intely came before the Justice of the Peace of Newfilly. France. Some time ago Nime, Pluyette, a widow of 50, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance had the mis-fortune in playing with a laydog to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes and being recommended to aprily to an expert manufacturer in this way named Tamsier, she gave an order for a flass eye for which the optician charged 100 france 1520. Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Justice of the Peace. Mine, Pinyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Judge asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamsier had sent in. From the New Orleans Picayune.

sior had -ent in.

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant. "I can see no more with this eye than I
could before."

"What?" said the Judge. "Did you really
imagine that you would be able to see with a
class eye?" "Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame.
"Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for except to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamsier makes me one with which I can see I will not makes me one with which I can see I will not pay him a son."

The Justice of the Peace endeavored to convince Must Pinyeste that glass eves were for others to look at and not for the wearer to look through: but finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision she became lurious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the fleor, she reashed out of court amid the laughter of the crowd.

### Two Ladies of Gotham Meet,

From the Springfield Union. They were quite correct in every particular. A whole brace of sliver and gold trifles were suspended to the chatelaine at the side, and innumerable wires and banges slid up and down their arms. Each carried her pet dog, one a wicked-looking, but remarkably bright little pug, whose face was a black patch up to the terchend; the other a dainty king Charless spaniel, whose collar was of exquisitely wrought sliver. The ladies had evidently just met, and, after exchanging courtesies in a dash of lively conversation, the owner of the pug drew from her pocket a dainty bonbonnière, which she gently shook, then opened and then passed to her fried. The petty box was of richly chased gold, and was decorated with rows of small diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls, and it flashed in the delicate gloved hand of the owner like a great term. The box contained candled violets, of which the friend partook with thanks, and then produced her own bonbonnière. This was of antique silver, wrought in dainty flowers, a choice Trifany dessign. It contained small plak econs about the size of a boot butten but thinner, mixed with the little black They were quite correct in every partien ers. a choice Tillary design. It contained small pink means about the size of a boot button, but thinner, mixed with the little black silver-coated abominations known as Italian perpermints.

A dearedd lady, to whom the right was evidently a strange one, and whose dim vision failed to discover the nature of the dainties, whispered, "Be they taking snuff?"

## FASHION NOTES.

Tan and russet shoes grow in fashionable favor. The yoke bodice is the favorice for white wash goods

Maize of core color is revived among other fashioua-ble chades of yellow.

Even ginzham dresses have parasols made up of the material of the gown of the most popular shades of this still very lashiousble color. Still very tashionable color.

Fonges in natural buff colors is as popular as ever for summer gowns and traveling wraps.

Pompadour foulards rival other printed stuffs for summer morning and afternoon tollets. White mouseline de zoie makes the most exquisite and etherial of all white summer festival frocks. Botted white multi-wiss, and voiling gowns are in vogue, along with striped and barred white dresses. Entire dresses of red sateens trimmed with 'cro laces are worn at French country houses and on the seashore. Handkershie ware tiny, dainty marvels of color and embroidery this summer, and at the moment they are very cheap. Seavide parasols are large and mostly in bright colors, sometimes softened with covers of falls of corn and cream large.

Pale silver gray gowns with panels, surplice waist-coats and revers, cults and collars of tan color, are very effective. Very effective.

Mrs. Mackey, of many millions, is said to be fond of gray walking dresses. But for all that gray is very trying to dark pale skins. Ing to dark paie skins.

The white weel veiling gowns, with broché borders or stripes in white silk, are almost as effective as white silk ones broch, with silver.

Pretty and fine embroidered linen lawn handker-chiefs in lovely culor tones are selling at Denning's at 12 gents aplece, or \$1.50 a dozen. chiefs in lovely color tonce are selling at Denning's at 12/2 cents apiece, or \$1.60 a dozen.

Butterflies made of colored, dyed, or painted feathers, large as life, and mounted on suiral wires are one of the decorations of summer hatsof lace, tuile, net, and creps.

The hats chosen for out-of-door entertainments have very low crowes, but wide brima, projecting over the forehead, and tapering to almost nothing in the back and at the sides.

Black lace lollers are as fashionable as ever, but they are now made up in combination with black velvet, and sometimes with green or purple velvet, but not with red or bise.

White China silk with silver passementeries and sometimes with gold dotted embridery and gold passementeries or gold galicon, makes a lovely garden party or summer out-of-door festival gown.

The cord thus of Chinese ponges are admirably relieved in French freeses of that material by embry idered borders of maticolored and gold dotted embroidery, in Oriental and mediaval designs.

All sorts of white dresses are worn-silk veiling.

All sorts of white dresses are worn-sitk veiling, chall China creps embrodered and plain naineous cambric, lose, net and a hest of woolles stuffs are all utilized for the white gowns of July and August.

Prom Harper's Braze we learn that Parisientes carry the use of black triminings on colored drawes to the extreme of having black muttoning sleeves added to blue, green, or plus gowns that are trimmed with black ribbon and lace. The 'ail Mail Gazette gravely informs us that when a wealthy man goes into a "big shop" to buy china they give him Minton for dinner service, Worcester for table decorations, and crown Derby for vases. Let all who are concerned take note.

are concerned take note.

Old-fashioned Lechorn dats are restored to fashionable favor and they are trimmed in old style vandyse, Sir Joshua Keynolds and Watteau arrangements of nowers, feathers, and risbons. The wind dapping brims are unlined and unwired.

White surplice folds crossed loosely over the bosom and draped to make the sash at the waist line, form a large proportion of the waisteads on litrectory gowns. The polonaise or lacket fronts fall open over the surplices, the colored revers and sides of the same showing in fast contrast against the soft white draping of the veiling, chall, tripe, or China sile, widelyever is used.

Mrs. Alum Tadema is a woman who dresses in a man-Whing, chain, cripe, or thins sile, who gives it used.

Mrs. Alms Tadema is a woman who dresses in a manner to give pleasure to her husband's art institute. One of her tollers worn at a late einertainment in London was reported thus. "A gown of cream-colored sating heavily embroidered in gold; a gold necklace of equisits work manship, twelve yards long pliable enough to be wheten many times around the neck, and a corsage bounds of golden orchids to complete the charming effect."

effect."

Bordered veiling dresses are immensely popular. The borders are generally printed dusigns of leaves and flowers running in sems and vines from an abundance of foliage at the hen to abuve the kness. Then the skirts are laid in according pleats and over these are worn the cutaway, long-tailed, short jacket fruited redingotes, and screeninglessed alseves with deep curie to the chows. These finish a gown of rarely picturesque beauty.

picturesque beauty.

At a garden party given last month to the Prince of Wase, by the Princess de Sagan, the heaters were an accordion-picated drass of manuse crèpe, edged with very one is e. The electricise junket was of manuse copied corded silk, and the angel viceves hanging to the groined, were of crips of a pair shade dan the sown. The hacket was embreddered with violet-colored flow. The hat of the Princess was of white or hale below Legions straw with one white and one mauve estrich plume for trimming and at her waist in lieu of a waist hand, she wore one large diamond brooch in the shape of a sun with widespread rays.

CREOLE COOKERY.

Some Wonderful New Orleans Dishes-The Secret of Making Bisque and Combo File.

From the Name-Maker. so Momzelle wan' know how tees I

"An' so Monizelle wan' know how tees I nek dee gombo an' dee bisque? Ten true Monizelle do'n know how fo' mek doze deesh?" I assured Tante Lotie that I knew absolutely nothing of bisque and gombo, except that they were very good.

"Mon Diea: Teos noticen too mek; but Monizelle mus' know how peeck an' lin' een Fersinch ma'zet. Eef Monizelle wan, sho keen go weed Ma'am Aristide an' me, too-mo'ow mo'neen, we mek, ma'zet fo' dee day. Me, I wek you tim noff."

Larly the next morning, while still far affont

Early the next morning, while still far affort on the oily sea of slumber. I heard a voice at my bedside. The voice proceeded from Tante Loile, whose fantastically twisted lignon and wrinkled features made an arabesone against the bobinet mosquito bar. The slim, yellow fingers lifted the curtain, and put into my hands a tiny uno of steaming coffee. Bonjou, Momzelle! Tees taim too mek maket," said Tante Lotie, and vanished.

Mme. Aristide and I were not the only ladies out that morning. A stream of soberly dressed women followed by servants flowed steadily down the banquettes. Lotie followed us, making an agreeable picture; old though she was, there was a certain grace in her gliding sters, and although she had never been known to wark last, yet she accomplished a vast amount of work. Her manner was that of the well-fired trusty servant and confidents. She was self-possessed, was with the sense of the responsibility she owed her mistress, between whom and the friction of the ever-washing sea known as the "outside world," she stood as a rampart of defence. Mine mistress, between whom and the friction of the ever-was hing sea known as the "outside world," she stood as a rampart of defence. Mme, Aristide, who had beinid her a string of ancestors long and i rilliant as a comet's tail, and who had been rich, was now poor, reduced to the necessity of taking boarders. All that remained to her was her massive old house, built to stand against the might of earthquakes, and silently reproachful of the filmsiness of modern architecture.

But Mme, Aristide, with her economical management, her genius for cleanliness, precision, order, which are the national French traits, and with Lotic, got comfort and luxury too, Dressed in black, as is the habit of all elderly ladies of her race, there was in her a spiritual fineness of profile which did honor to her ancestors. In manner she was buoyant, caim, and high bred, and not provincial, though, like many another of her race, she had never been further than her heart-enshrined New Orleans.

The waik down Charires street was to me an amusing novelty. All the quaint little shops, where french signs hung, were just opening

New Orleans.

The waik down Charires street was to me an amusing novelty. All the quaint little shops, where French signs hung, were just opening their drawsy eyes. The shell and bird stores, and the little place where ingenious Mexicans make their inimitable was ligarines, were so alluring that I almost forgot the more material attraction of hisque and yombo.

"Another time, Mademoiselie, we weel come and see all theeze place in an theeze peop' weel toil ron eve's theeng bout they wo'k."

As it was Friday, and as all Catholies abstain from eating meat on that day, we did not stop in the meat market, but passed into the one set aside tor lish. The seas of the world seem to contribute their shining stores to the New Orleans markets, lie one a colony of widemouthed baskets, riled high with ghoulish-looking crawlish, we halted. To the parchment-colored amphibian who vended them Mime, Aristide and Tante Lotie gave smiling greeting and the latter demanded "neek yune crebude." Then turning to me, said: "Toes fo' mek bisque. Monzelle."

"You make hisque out of crawfish?" reblied I, amazed.

"Mads one, Monzelle." Tees de bes'; wot Monzelle teenk Lotie mek bis ne weed? I must contess that the crawfish as a gastronomic delicacy had not appealed to my taste. I was percetly aware that prejudices of that kind were narrow minded and provincial, and ver-and yet the crawfish as a gastronomic delicacy had not appealed to my tolerance.

But If that wonderful, that incomparable

came out of his mud chimney had never won my tolerance.

But if that wonderful, that incomparable losque of yesterlay owed its being to crawfish. I was ready to surrender all proudice. That was the crawfish of evolution his last stage of surrenne development, of which I venture to assert that even Darwin, for all that he wrote a book on crawfish, know nothing.

Poissardes presided over heaps and heaps of rosy-luses is himps, just in from the Mexican Gulf, and plies of smalls, whose preverbial slowness had brought them to evil pass and the epicure. A shrivelled old crone, who might have been anything over a hundred years old, was industriously disrooting the tongues from the mouths of slaughtered greese, having bought up all the heads of that fowl from the poultorers for a mere song. Her customers

the mouths of slaughtered geese, having bought up all the heads of that fow from the politorers for a mere song. Her customers were certain bous creats who prized these tidbits dearly as the Roman opicures did the famous larks' tongues. Great bullfregs who, for all their blatant roar, are unsophisticated enough to be caught by the small boy armed with a real rag and a rusty nail, were being bought rapidly, and truly their hind quarters are a delicious morsel.

Nothing escaped Mme, Aristide's eye, She bought come mically and well, knew every huckster by name, who all called out in their friendly pleasant way as we passed, the greetings and the compilments of the day. The starry-eyed rost-checked woman who sold us crist French rolls and britache, slipped a great wedge of cake into the basket as agniappe. Before the fairy greenery of a vegetable stall we stopped, and there I saw for the first time the maricion, sometimes called the vegetable pear. It is a sublimated squash, and even in Louisiana not common. It grows upon a perennial, tall-climbing, ornamental vine, and has an indescribacity delicious marrowy flavor. While Mme, Aristide and the marichaule, whose name was Tiden, chatted and laughed and trafficked, Tante Lotle glided away to where a shrivelled, ellin-like, little woman sat, bulwarked behind dried herbs and roots.

"Voitat" exciatined Mme, Aristide: "weel you observe Lotle? She mok beseef derrectly she only buy some root too mek tisane, but tees not true. She ask Youdou Jeanne for a gri-gri. Ohl yes I am sure, sure:"

Voulou-Jeanne, it seems had a regular trade

you observe Lotie? She mok beseef deerectly she only buy some root too mek tisane, but tees not true. She ask Youdou Jeanne for a gri-gri. Oh! yes I am sure, sure?"

Youdou Jeanne, it seems, had a regular trade in thisters, charms, and annulets, whose efficacy is an article of belief among the superstitious negroes. Lotle concealed her gri-gri, a charm made of snake bones, or of the bones of the human toes, and specially litted to fend off the attacks of the Evil One. Madame only shook a warning finger at Lotle when she rejoined us, who, not received the purchases with a laguagpe of roses along with another—a "gumbo bunch" composed of bay leaves, thymo, leeks, onion, and Chili perper.

"Momzelle ain see deelinjin woman w'at saill gombo file. Can' mek good gombo, Momzelle dun't dey file!"

These miserable peaked squaws, last remant of the chectaw tribe, were squatted on the stone payement, in the unroofed space dividing two markets, their bundles of dried-sassairas leaves around them. This leaf, dried and reduced to powder, is known as file, from its property of making ropy any liquid to which it may be added.

Daily, Tante Lotie made for the "yong ladie Americaine," one of her many gombos, and here are the descriptions of her exact methods. Any one, in any part of the country, may obtain simirar resuits by following the directions closely, though I believe file is not an article of commerce anywhere but in New Orleans, where every greer keeps it.

Bisque, 50 crawdsh or shrimps. 1 slice of raw ham 4 tables I slice of raw ham.

I table spoonfuls of butter.

I table spoonful of lard.

2 onions.

Bread crambs scaked in milk.

Sait, pepper, thyme, sage, a pinch of grated nutmeg.

Bread crumbs scaked in milk.
Sait pepper, thyme, sage, a pinch of grated nutmeg.
Parboil the fish, remove all the meats, taking care to extract the black cord running down the back. Found the meat to a naste in a mortar. Mix with it one-third its quantity of bread crumbs, previously scaked in mik, but sque-zed dry of liquid.

Also one onion finely minced, the butter and pepper, sait, thyme, sage, and nutmeg to suit.
The neads of the fish must be freed of their contents, washed, thrown into strong sait water for ten minutes, removed, drained, and stuffed full with the forcemeat. Flour them lightly, drop them into the hot lard in the soup rot, stir them frequently until they brown. Hemove them and fry to a light brown in the same lard one onion thinly silted and the ham. When these are fried return the heads to the pot, add two quarts of boiling water, cover tight, and let them cook slowly but steadily for one hour. When ready to serve lift out the heads with a perforated ladie and put them into the turen. Str. in the broth over them and seed to table with a separate dish of boiled rice. The seasoning is the very soul of this dish.

# GOMBO FILE.

l enten. I tablespoonful of lard. 2 tablespoonfuls of Mir.

i tablespoonful of lard.

Ziablespoonful of Rid.

Salt, thyme, red pepper, and bay leaves to taste. Disjoint the chicken and mince the ham. Into a some pot put the lard, and when it is hot add the chicken well floured, and allow it to remain until browned on both sides, watching carefully to prevent burning. When browned remove and keep hot at back of range. Lav in the lard, the onion evenly sliced, and the ham; allow both to brown. Remember that one portion of burnt onlon will rain the flavor of the dish. When onion and ham are nicely browned add the chicken to it, and fill up the pot with hot water. Cover it and let it cook steadily for two hours. When it has been on the fire for an hour, add pepper, salt, and herbs to suit individual taste. Just before serving, add fid, previously warmed until muciliaginous, stir it briskly into the broth, and serve immediately. Any fowl, wild or dome-tic veal or beef, may be used in gombo fid. It is very delicious made of oysters, though the oysters must not be fried, and the ilanor must be used instead of water. The stock of oyster gombo is made of boef or fowl.

GOMBO T' HERBES.

1 pound of vent brisket.

i orbital and an included the control of the contro

leaf. Put them into a pot of cold water slightly saited, to which a pinch of soda has been added, and let them bed for two hours. Drain them, and enouthern as the as you would spinach. Out the veal into four pieces and the ham into dice. Put the lard into the soun sot, and when hot add the veal, slightly floured. When brown, remove, and put in ham and onlon. When these, too, are brown add veal and chopsed herbs, stirring all with a poon to prevent burning, for four or five minutes. Add one and one-half pints of beling water and let all stew together, tightly expered, for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with a dish of boiled rice, This herb gumbo should be of the consistency of well-cooked spinach when served.

Lyda O. Harris.

THE PISTOL POCKET IN THE U. S. A British Review of the Question of Quick

From the Pall Mall Indiget, Every pair of trousers has a hip pocket, and so universal is the practice of carrying a weapon that it is known even to tailors as the pistol pocket. An Eastern man never thinks of carrving a weapon in any other part of his attire. and usually he carries it with the butt to the rear, so that he has to twist his shoulder and elbow into awkward and constrained positions in order to draw it. In a sudden emergency, the pistol carried in the hip pocket, butt to the rear, is inferior, as a weapon, to the fist or a stout stick. In 1879 a drummer for an Eastern whiskey

stout stick.

In 1879 a drammer for an Eastern whiskey house had a dispute with a saleon keeper in Helena. Montana, about the price and quality of a barrol of whiskey. The dispute locatine animated, and the saleon kee er, in vigorous Montana language, accused the drammer of deceiving him. The drammer was excited and warm, and he reached for his landkerchef to wipe the persentation from his brow. Unfortunately, he had the pernicious habit of carrying his cambrie in his hip pocket. The saleon keeper grabbed a pistol from under the bar, and the drammer was gathered to his fathers. Although it was shown that the drammer had no pistol, the fact that he "made a play" for his hip pocket was undisputed, and the Coroner's jury ex-nerated the saleon keeper on the ground of self defence.

Men who were likely to be called upon to use pistols soon discovered that while the but to the rear made the presence of a pistol in the hip pocket less conspleuous, the but to the rear made the presence of a pistol in the hip pocket less conspleuous, the but to

"No. I won't." replied Paddock, without moving or raising his head.
"Then I'll blow your —"
There was a muffled report, and the bully doubled upon the floor with a bullet through his abdomen. Dick would not have revealed his new trick but the bystanders were quick





MUTE LANGUAGE OF LIPS.

OF NO USE IN SOLIL QUY, BUT GREAT IN DIALOGUE.

Some Pacts Regarding the History and Possibilities of this Ancient and Sim Pavorite Method of Conveying Thought, From the Detroit Free Press Indulgent reader, do you like to kiss and

be kissed? Do you like to take in your arms a clean, sweet, chubby, and rosv-faced baby, without regard to sex, and impress a paternal or maternal kiss on its bright red his? Do you like to kiss the modest boy and the demure and blushing little maid? Do you like to pinck the cherries, if you are a man, from the pouting lips of a protty girl whose cheeks are suffused like the blush of a rose, whose breath is as sweet as all the perfumes of Arabia, whose whole air is one expectant chausody? Or, if you are young woman, do you like to kiss the moustache-adorned mouth of some handsome Adonis? Do you like to kiss the gray-baired father or mother, grandfather or grandmother? Do you like to kiss the wife of your bosom? If so, you may find something in these silhouettes to interest you. If you do not like to kiss 500 may as well turn your attention eisewhere for amusement and instruction. There is no substantiality in a kiss. It is as intangible as the baseless labric of a vision. It is such stuff as dreams are made on; ergo, any article based on the kiss as a subject must fixewise be unsubstantial and entemera.

Bassed be the man who invented the kiss Who was he? Is there any stone raised to mak his great beneaution to humanan? We read of the kiss in the Hory Bible. We near of it as far back as the beginning of the worst, Al-

Adam, the goddlest man of men some born lies sons, the faires, of her danghers, ave.

Men who were likely to be called upon to use pistols soon discovered that while the butt to the rear made the presence of a pistol in the bip pocket less conspicuous, the butt to draw quicker. Anybout can demonstrate this to his own satisfaction by simply paim of the hand in the pocket. To prace the paim of the hand against the hip, the shoulder must be thrown back and the clobw swung to the rear at an uncomfortable angle. When the body for an instant, and when a man is excepted that is a dangerous move, particularly with a self-cocker. One of the first and most important things to be learned about a pistol with a self-cocker. One of the first and most important things to be learned about a pistol with a self-cocker. One of the first and most important things to be learned about a pistol with a self-cocker. One of the first and most important things to be learned about a pistol the knuckles against the body. The position of the arm is easy and natural, the elbow is opposite the side and lower down than before, and the shoulder mussless do not bind or feel constrained. When the pistol is drawn to muzzle points downward until it is past the bind of the body. When he position of the arm is easy and natural, the elbow is opposite the side and lower down than before, and the shoulder mussless do not bind or feel constrained. When the pistol is drawn to many and altoge her sorrowing fails the pistol is drawn to the contrained when the pistol is drawn to the proper that it is past the busy of the body. when is portured in the twelve, with the path outward and the knuckies against the short of the shoulder muscles do not bind or feel constrained. When the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained when the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained when the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained. When the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained when the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained. When the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained when the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained. When the pixtol is drawn to feel constrained when the pixtol is marked in pocket selected and it is possible to feel the feel feel th

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine. - Chap er 1, verse i

Then I'll lidow your—even, and the built of the provided who is the control of th

